

# Robinson's MAGAZINE:

A REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL PAPERS, & SELECTIONS FROM  
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Robinson's Circulating Library, No. 94, Baltimore-street.

AT FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1819.

[No. 35.]

From the Literary Panorama, for Nov. 1818.

## TRAVELS IN EGYPT, NUBIA, HOLY LAND, MOUNT LIBANON, AND CYPRESS, IN THE YEAR 1814,

*By Henry Light, Captain of the Royal Artillery.*

*Continued from page 126.*

ALTHOUGH Mahomed Ali had thus attained sovereign power, he did not hold it unmolested. The Wahabees gave him much trouble by their incursions and depredations; and the Porte secretly fomented revolutions against him. He has, however, continued to hold his power to this day, in defiance of all attempts to subvert his authority.

Though this Pasha monopolised trade, yet he protected traders. Christians were no longer at the mercy of Mussulmen, nor could the Turkish soldier insult the Giaour or infidel, (as the Christians are contemptuously termed,) with impunity. The following instance of summary punishment had at once put a stop to the inclination of the Turkish soldiery to tyrannize over the Franks.

"Two merchants were riding on mules towards Fostak, (old Cairo,) when they were met by a couple of armed Albanians, on their way to a large barrack between Fostak and Cairo; they stopped the Franks, obliged them to dismount, and proceeded, without any ceremony, mounted on their mules. Unfortunately for the soldiers, the Pasha

overtook the merchants, who were returning home in the heat of the day on foot; and knowing them to be men who never walked, asked the reason why they were on foot; and being told what had happened, rode off immediately to the barracks, where he found out the offenders; and, without any ceremony, had their heads instantly struck off. The effect of this was, that the Franks were never after molested."

Having acquired sufficient knowledge of the Arabic language to commence his voyage up the Nile, our adventurous author embarked on board a boat of twelve or fourteen tons burthen, belonging to a respectable Arab Rais. His crew consisted of five men, beside the Rais and his son, a lad. When the wind was favourable they sailed up the river; when it was contrary, they moored. In his progress up the Nile, Capt. Light took notice of the Egyptian process of making sugar. The canes were cut in his presence, part being used for the juice, and part for planting.

"The latter was performed by digging furrows five or six inches deep, in which were placed horizontally, portions of the sugar-cane,



consisting of six or seven joints; they were then covered with earth, and constantly watered by the water of the Nile, communicated by means of channels, into which it was raised by wheels, or by buckets; and in a short time each joint sends forth a shoot, which becomes a sugar-cane, and during the inundation of the Nile remains covered with water.

"I found, from one of the overseers that the same ground cannot be planted every year. Each feddan of earth (about an acre and a half,) thus planted, ought to produce five cantars of sugar, (nearly one hundred weight.)

"The method of expressing the juice is very simple. The mill is composed of two rollers, serving as axle-trees to two vertical wheels, moved by a horizontal one on the top, supported by two upright posts, having a traverse one, on the centre of which the horizontal wheel moves; this is set in motion by one or more buffaloes, yoked at the end of a long lever connected with the centre of the horizontal wheel. Under the rollers is a reservoir to receive the juice; a man sits between the two upright posts, within reach of a load of sugar-canes, which he places by seven or eight at a time between the rollers. The juice thus expressed is a sweet yellowish water; which being boiled, the sugar is extracted in the shape of molasses. This is again refined coarsely, and made into small loaves of about three pounds weight, of a sparkling open grain, very sweet, inclined to the colour of Lisbon sugar."

At Sicut, our author obtained additional firmans for proceeding into Nubia. Of this town, now the capital of Upper Egypt, and the great Mart for slaves, he has given us a pleasing description. Quitting this place, he embarked for Philæ, by the same route which had been fol-

lowed by Mr. Legh, and of which we have already given a brief notice. Capt. Light has surveyed and described the most interesting relics of antiquity, with the eye of a scholar, and of an artist, and has illustrated them with numerous engravings, which convey more accurate ideas of them than can be given by any mere description, however accurate it may be. Many interesting anecdotes of the manners and customs of the people are introduced, from which we select a few instances.

"In his progress through the village, "I was met," he says, "by a venerable old man, who I found, was called the Aga; who prayed me, in the patriarchal manner, to 'tarry till the sun was gone down; to alight, refresh myself, and partake of the food he would prepare for the stranger.'

"I gladly accepted his invitation. A clean mat was spread for me under the shade of the wall of his house, and refreshments, consisting of wheaten cake, broken into small bits, and put into water sweetened with date-juice, were brought me in a wooden bowl; then curds, with liquid butter and preserved dates; and lastly, a bowl of milk.

Having taken what I wanted, I entered the door of the Aga's house, which, like all the rest, was of mud. I found myself in a room separated from the other part of the house by a court, and covered by a simple roof of palm-tree branches. This was the place of his divan. Here my mat and cushion were brought me; and the natives flocked about, with their usual questions, whether I came to look for money; whether Christians or Moslems, English or French, built the temples. My pencil they did not understand, and they could not comprehend the use of a pocket fork that I showed them, and for which they had no name. The Aga, having prepared a dinner



for me, invited several of the natives to sit down. Water was brought in a skin by an attendant, to wash our hands. Two fowls roasted, were served up on wheaten cakes in a wooden bowl, covered with a small mat, and a number of the same cakes in another; in the centre of these was liquid butter and preserved dates. These were divided, broken up, and mixed together by some of the party, whilst others pulled the fowls to pieces; which done, the party began to eat as fast as they could; getting up, one after the other, as soon as their hunger was satisfied; the Aga in the meantime looking on.\*

"During my visit, I observed an old Imam attempt to perform a cure on one of the natives, who came to him on account of a head-ache from which he suffered. It was done in the following manner: the patient squatted himself down near the Imam, who putting his finger and thumb to the patient's forehead, closed them gradually together, pinching the skin into wrinkles as he advanced, mumbling a prayer, spitting on the ground, and lastly on the part affected. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, and the patient got up, thoroughly convinced he should soon be well.

"This style of cure seems to be a common superstition of the Egyptians; for at Erment, the ancient Hermontis, an old woman applied to me for medicine for a disease in her eyes, and on my giving her some directions she did not seem to like, requested me to spit in her eyes, which I did; and she went away, blessed me, and was well satisfied of the certainty of her cure.

"The Nubian language is different from the Arabic. The latter as acquired from books and a teach-

er, had been of very little use to me in Egypt itself; but here, not even the vulgar dialect of the Lower Nile would serve for common intercourse, except in that district extending from Dukkey to Deir, where the Nubian is lost, and Arabic prevails again: a curious circumstance; and, when considered with an observation of the lighter colour of this people, leads to a belief of their being descended from Arabs. The Nubian, in speaking, gave me an idea of what I have heard of the clucking of Hottentots. It seems a succession of monosyllables, accompanied with a rise and fall of voice that is not disagreeable."

Our author observed but few traces among the Nubians of government, law, or religion. They recognise no master.

"Although the cashief, or sovereign of Deir, claims a nominal command of the country, it extends no farther than sending his soldiers to collect their tax or rent called *Mirri*. The Pasha of Egypt was named as sovereign in all transactions from Cairo to Assuan. Here and beyond, as far as I went, the reigning Sultan Mahmood was considered the sovereign; though the cashief's was evidently the power they feared the most. They look for redress of injuries to their own means of revenge, which, in cases of blood, extends from one generation to the other, till blood is repaid by blood. On this account, they are obliged to be ever on the watch and armed; and, in this manner, even their daily labours are carried on: the very boys go armed. They profess to be followers of Mahomet, though I rarely happened to observe any of their ritual observances of that religion. Once, upon my endeavouring to make some of them comprehend the benefit of obedience to the rules of justice for punishing offences, instead of pursuing the offender

\* "And Abraham ran into the herd, &c. —and he stood by them, and they did eat," *Genesis*, chap. xviii. 7, 8.



to death, as they practised, they quoted the Koran, to justify their requiring blood for blood.

"Their dress for the men, is a linen smock, commonly brown, with a red or dark coloured scull cap. A few wear turbans and slippers. The women have a brown robe thrown gracefully over their head and body, discovering the right arm and breast, and part of one thigh and leg. They are of good size and shape, but very ugly in the face. Their necks, arms, and ankles, are ornamented with beads or bone rings, and one nostril with a ring of bone or metal. Their hair is anointed with oil of cassia, of which every village has a small plantation. It is matted or plaited, as now seen in the heads of sphinxes and female figures of their ancient statues. I found one at Elephantina, which might have been supposed their model. Their little children are naked. Girls wear round the waist an apron of strings of raw hide, and boys a girdle of linen.

"Their arms are knives or daggers, fastened to the back of the elbow, or in the girdle, javelins, tomahawks, swords of Roman shape, but longer, and slung behind them. Some have round shields of buffalo hide, and a few pistols and muskets are to be seen.

"Their dealings with one another, or strangers, are carried on more by way of barter than money, which I was informed, had not come into general use among them till lately. The para, which they call *faddah*, of forty to the piastre, by them as well as Egyptians called *goorsh*; the macboob, of three piastres: and Spanish dollar called *real*, or *fransowy*, then worth seven and a half piastres, were current among them. In the price of cattle, a cow sold for twenty macboobs, and from that to forty; a calf from three to seven; a sheep from two to three. Dates and seuna are their chief articles of

trade; and no present can be more acceptable than gunpowder of European manufacture to their chiefs."

"With regard to food, they prefer bartering to money, and esteem corn above every thing; but bread in any European shape, is unknown. Theirs is commonly made of millet, (doorra) thicker than the oatmeal cakes of Scotland, and of that shape."

On his return down the Nile, our author examined in detail various Egyptian antiquities at Thebes, Dendyra, and other places, which he had designedly passed by in his voyage into Nubia. Of these interesting reliques, he has given pleasing descriptions and views.

Returning to Cairo, our author embarked for Jaffa, where he was hospitably received by the vice-consul. As this gentleman was at Jaffa at the time it was stormed by the French, our author was anxious to collect some particulars respecting the massacre of the Turks by Bonaparte. The following particulars, which (it should be remarked) differ considerably from Sir Robert Wilson's narrative, were communicated to our author.

"After the town was taken possession of, and all was supposed secure, it was discovered that a large body of armed Muggrebins had concealed themselves in the cellars of the town, intending to sally out on the French when unprepared, and in consequence they were surrounded by the French army, secured, taken outside the town to the south-west, and there put to death, on the same spot where the cruel Mahommed Abou Dhab, successor to the renowned Mamelouk chief Ali, in the latter end of the last century, made his pile of heads from the slaughtered inhabitants, and which still goes by the name of the Hill of Heads:\* this, by a singular

Volney, p. 40, vol. 1. English translation, refers to Baron Tott's Memoirs relative to this.



neglect, or perhaps superstitious reverence on the part of the Turks, is still left to command part of the works, and will most likely be the

place where the first breaching battery will be erected."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## APPARITION OF CAPT. CAMPBELL.

[Scotland has been famous, time immemorial, for stories of ghosts, witches, and all supernatural appearances. Whether these are, or are not founded on variations of the principle of second sight, we leave to the profound investigation of the illuminati of the Northern Athens, and content ourselves with extracting a grave, and *no doubt*, authentic fact, from a recent Number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.] *Lit. Gazette.*

A LADY, wife to a gentleman of respectable property on the borders of Argyleshire, was, about the middle of the last century, left a widow, with the management of an embarrassed estate, and the care of an only son. The young gentleman approached that period of life, when it was necessary that he should be sent into the world in some active professional line. The natural inclination of the youth, like most others of that age and country, was to enter into the army, a disposition which his mother saw with anxiety, as all the perils of the military profession were aggravated to her imagination by maternal tenderness, and a sense of her own desolate situation. A circumstance however occurred, which induced her to grant her consent to her son's embracing this course of life with less reluctance than it would otherwise have been given.

A Highland gentleman named Campbell, (we suppress his designation) and nearly related to Mrs. —, was about this time named to the command of one of the independent companies, levied for protecting the peace of the Highlands,

and preventing the marauding parties, in which the youth of the wilder clans were still occasionally exercised. These companies were called *Sidier-dhu*, i. e. black soldiers, to distinguish them from the *Sidier-roy*, or red soldiers, of the regular army; and hence, when embodied into a marching regiment (the well known forty-second,) the corps long retained, and still retains the title of the Black Watch. At the period of the story, the independent companies retained their original occupation, and were generally considered as only liable to do duty in their native country. Each of these corps consisted of about three hundred men, using the Highland garb and arms, and commanded by such gentlemen as the Brunswick government imagined they might repose confidence in. They were understood to engage only to serve in the Highlands, and no where else, and were looked upon rather as a kind of volunteers, than as regular soldiers.

A service of this limited nature, which seemed to involve but little risk of actual danger, and which was to be exercised in his native country alone, was calculated to remove many of the objections which a beloved mother might be supposed to have against her only son entering into the army. She had also the highest reliance on the kindness and affection of her kinsman, Captain Campbell, who, while he offered to receive the young gentleman as a cadet into his indepen-



dent company, gave her his solemn assurance to watch over him in every respect as his own son, and to prevent his being exposed to any unnecessary hazard, until he should have attained the age and experience necessary for his own guidance. Mrs. — greatly reconciled to parting with her son in consequence of these friendly assurances on the part of his future commander, it was arranged that the youth should join the company at a particular time; and in the meanwhile, Mrs. —, who was then residing at Edinburgh, made the necessary preparations for his proper equipment.

These had been nearly completed, when Mrs. — received a piece of melancholy intelligence, which again unsettled her resolution; and while it filled her with grief on account of her relation, awakened in the most cruel manner all the doubts and apprehensions which his promises had lulled to sleep. A body of Katerns, or freebooters, belonging, if I mistake not, to the country of Lochiel, had made a descent upon a neighbouring district of Argyleshire, and driven away a considerable *creagh*, or spoil of cattle. Captain Campbell, with such of his independent company as he could assemble upon a sudden alarm, set off in pursuit of the depredators, and after a fatiguing march, came up with them. A slight skirmish took place, in course of which, the cattle were recovered, but not before Captain Campbell had received a severe wound. It was not immediately, perhaps not necessarily mortal, but was rendered so by want of shelter and surgical assistance, and the same account which brought to Edinburgh an account of the skirmish, communicated to Mrs. — the death of her affectionate kinsman. To grief for his loss, she had now to add the painful recollection, that her son, if he pursued the line which had been resolved on, would

be deprived of the aid, countenance and advice of the person to whose care, as to that of a father, she had resolved to confide him. And the very event, which was otherwise so much attended with grief and perplexity, served to shew that the service of the independent companies, however limited in extent, did not exempt those engaged in it, from mortal peril. At the same time, there were many arguments against retracting her consent, or altering a plan in which so much progress had been already made; and she felt as if, on the one hand, she sacrificed her son's life, if she permitted him to join the corps; on the other, that his honour or spirit might be called in question, by her obliging him to renounce the situation. These contending emotions threw her—a widow, with no one to advise her, and the mother of an only son, whose fate depended upon her resolving wisely—into an agony of mind, which many readers may suppose will account satisfactorily for the following extraordinary apparition.

I need not remind my Edinburgh friends, that in ancient times their forefathers lived, as they do still in Paris, in *flats*, which have access by a common stair. The apartments occupied by Mrs. — were immediately above those of a family with whom she was intimate, and she was in the habit of drinking tea with them every evening. It was duskish, and she began to think that her agitation of mind had detained her beyond the hour at which she should have joined her friends, when, opening the door of her little parlour, to leave her own lodging, she saw standing directly opposite to her in the passage the exact resemblance of Captain Campbell, in his complete Highland dress, with belted plaid, dirk, pistols, pouch and broad sword. Appalled at this vision, she started back, closed the door of the room, staggered back—



wards to a chair, and endeavoured to convince herself that the apparition she had seen was only the effect of a heated imagination. In this, being a woman of a strong mind, she partly succeeded, yet could not prevail upon herself again to open the door which seemed to divide her from the shade of her deceased relation, until she heard a tap on the floor beneath, which was the usual signal from her friendly neighbours to summon her to tea. On this she took courage, walked firmly to the door of the apartment, flung it open, and—again beheld the military spectre of the deceased officer of the Black Watch. He seemed to stand within a yard of her, and held his hand stretched out, not in a menacing manner, but as if to prevent her passing him. This was too much for human fortitude to endure, and she sunk down in the floor, with a noise which alarmed her friends below for her safety.

On their hastening up stairs, and entering Mrs. —'s lodging, they saw nothing extraordinary in the passage; but in the parlour found the lady in strong hystericks. She was recalled to herself with difficulty, but concealed the extraordinary cause of her indisposition. Her friends naturally imputed it to the late unpleasant intelligence from Argyleshire, and remained with her till a late hour, endeavouring to amuse and relieve her mind. The hour of rest however arrived, and there was a necessity, (which Mrs. — felt an alarming one,) that she should go to her solitary apartment. She had scarce set down the light, which she held in her hand, and was in the act of composing her mind, ere addressing the Deity for protection during the perils of the night, when, turning her head, the vision she had seen in the passage was standing in the apartment. On this emergency, she summoned up her

courage, and addressing him by his name and surname, conjured him in the name of Heaven to tell her wherefore he thus haunted her. The apparition instantly answered, with a voice and manner in no respect differing from those proper to him while alive—"Cousin, why did you not speak sooner?—my visit is but for your good—your grief disturbs me in my grave—and it is by permission of the Father of the fatherless, and Husband of the widow, that I come to tell you not to be disheartened by my fate, but to pursue the line which, by my advice, you adopted for your son. He will find a protector more efficient, and as kind as I would have been; will rise high in the military profession, and live to close your eyes." With these words, the figure representing Captain Campbell completely vanished.

Upon the point of her being decidedly awake and sensible, through her eyes and ears, of the presence and words of this apparition, Mrs. — declared herself perfectly convinced. She said, when minutely questioned by the lady who told me the story, that his general appearance differed in no respect from that which he presented when in full life and health, but that in the last occasion, while she fixed her eyes on the spectre in terror and anxiety, yet with a curiosity which argued her to be somewhat familiarized with his presence, she observed a speck or two of blood upon his breast, ruffle and band, which he seemed to conceal with his hand, when he observed her looking at him. He changed his attitude more than once, but slightly, and without altering his general position.

The fate of the young gentleman in future life seemed to correspond with the prophecy. He entered the army, rose to considerable rank, and died in peace and honour, long



after he had closed the eyes of the mined, his destination in life upon good old lady, who had determined, this marvellous suggestion. or at least professed to have deter-

From the London Time's Telescope, for 1819.

## REMARKABLE DAYS, &c. FEBRUARY, 1819.

*Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, March 2.*

**T**HIS festival is in remembrance, as it is supposed, of our blessed Saviour's being declared by *Simeon*, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles; hence the name of *Candlemas Day*. *Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin Mary.*

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,  
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,  
These votive garments wet to thee,  
We hang within thy holy shrine.  
When o'er us flushed the surging brine,  
Amid the warring waters tost,  
We called no other name but thine,  
And hoped, when other hope was lost,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,  
When dark and lone is all the sky,  
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain  
Erect their stormy heads on high;  
When virgins for their true loves sigh,  
And raise their weeping eyes to thee,  
The star of Ocean hears their cry,  
And saves the foundering bark at sea.  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,  
When wrecking tempests round us rave,  
Thy gentle virgin form we see  
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.  
The howling storms that seem to crave  
Their victims, sink in musick sweet;  
The surging seas recede to pave  
The path beneath thy glistening feet,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,  
Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,  
The God of mercy, as a child,  
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;  
While soft the chorus of the sky  
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,  
And angel voices name on high  
The mother of the heavenly king,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name  
The waves sleep silent round the keel,  
The tempests wild their fury tame  
That made the deep foundations reel:  
The soft celestial accents steal

So soothing thro' the realms of woe,

\* \* \* \* \*

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,  
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,  
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese  
O'er all that to the depths go down,  
With hymns of grateful transport own;  
When gathering clouds obscure their light,  
And heaven assumes an awful frown,  
The star of Ocean glitters bright,  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres  
To hymn thy holy name essay,  
In vain a mortal harp aspires  
To mingle in the mighty lay!  
Mother of God! one living ray  
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires  
When storms and tempests pass away,  
To join the bright immortal choirs,  
Ave Maris Stella!

*Dr. Claudius Buchanan died, Feb. 8, 1815, æt. 49.*

With the name of Dr. Buchanan will ever be associated the cause of promoting Christianity in India. He was a rare instance of zeal, judgment, and munificence. His 'Christian Researches' in Asia is a most interesting work; and his prizes for promoting a knowledge of the state of India, by calling attention to the country and its circumstances, evinced a princely generosity. His Three discourses on the Jubilee, show him to have been the christian and the patriot.

*Sir W. Blackstone died, Feb. 14, 1780.*

The learned author of 'Commentaries on the Laws of England,' which are at once celebrated for the perspicuity and elegance of their style, and (generally speaking) for their sound and constitutional principles. He is charged, however, with sof-



tening some passages in his first edition, to make them more agreeable to the crown lawyers. His 'Farewell to the Muse' contains some pleasing lines. We select the following:—

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

As by some tyrant's stern command,  
A wretch forsakes his native land,  
In foreign climes condemned to roam,  
An endless exile from his home;  
Pensive he treads the destined way,  
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay:  
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow  
He stops, and turns his eyes below;  
There, melting at the well known view,  
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu;  
So I thus doomed from thee to part,  
Gay queen of fancy and of art,  
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,  
Oft stop, and often look behind!  
Companion of my tender age,  
Serenely gay and sweetly sage,  
How blithesome were we wont to rove,  
By verdant hills or shady grove:  
Where fervent bees with humming voice  
Around the honied oak rejoice;  
And aged elms with awful bend  
In long cathedral walks extend.  
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods—  
Cheered by the warbling of the woods—  
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,  
In sweet society with thee!  
Then all was joyous—all was young,  
And years unheeded rolled along.  
But now the pleasing dreams are o'er,  
These scenes must charm me now no more!  
Lost to the field, and torn from you—  
Farewel! a long—a last adieu!  
Me wrangling courts and stubborn law  
To smoke and crowds, and cities draw;  
There selfish faction rules the day,  
And pride and avarice throng the way;  
Diseases taint the murky air,  
And midnight conflagrations glare:  
Loose revelry and riot bold  
In frightened streets their orgies hold;  
Or when in silence all is drowned,  
Fell murder walks her lonely round:  
No room for peace—no room for you:  
Adieu, celestial nymphs, adieu!

*Martin Luther died, Feb. 18, 1546.*

While the bull of Leo X. executed by Charles V. was thundering throughout the empire, Luther was safely shut up in his castle (of Wittemberg, where he had been secreted by the Elector of Saxony,) which he afterwards called his Hermitage and his Patmos. Here he

held a constant correspondence with his friends at Wittemberg, and was employed in composing books in favour of his own cause, and against his adversaries. He did not however, so closely confine himself, but that he frequently made excursions into the neighbourhood, though always under some disguise or other. One day he assumed the title and appearance of a nobleman: but it may be supposed that he did not act his part very gracefully; for a gentleman who attended him under that character to an inn upon the road, was, it seems, so fearful of a discovery, that he thought it necessary to caution him against that absence of mind peculiar to literary men; bidding him keep close to his sword, without taking the least notice of books, if by chance any should fall in his way.\*

\* He used sometimes even to go out a hunting with those few who were in the secret: which, however we may imagine, he did more for health than for pleasure, as indeed, may be collected from his own curious account of it. 'I was,' says he, 'lately two days a hunting, in which amusement, I found both pleasure and pain. We killed a brace of hares, and took some unhappy partridges—a very pretty employment truly for an idle man! However, I could not forbear theologizing amidst dogs and nets; for thought I to myself, do not we, in hunting innocent animals to death with dogs, very much resemble the devil, who, by crafty wiles and the instruments of wicked priests, is perpetually seeking whom he may devour? Again: we happened to take a leveret alive, which I put into my pocket, with an intent to preserve it; yet we were not gone far before the dogs seized upon it, as it was in my pocket, and worried it. Just so the pope and the devil rage furiously to destroy the souls that I have saved, in spite of all my endeavours to prevent them. In short, I am tired of hunting these little innocent beasts; and had rather be employed, as I have been for some time, in spearing bears, wolves, tigers and foxes—that is, in opposing and confounding wicked and impious divines, who resemble savage animals in their qualities.



## VARIETIES.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for Oct. 1818.

*Moliere.*

OF Moliere's plays, "The Impostor" is undoubtedly the best; "The learned ladies" may perhaps rank next. Under the name of Vadius in this comedy, the author meant to represent the character of Menage. Tartuff is a name borrowed from the German, signifying Devil.

*Curious Epigram.*

The following epigram occurs in a very rare and curious selection, not mentioned by Ritson, entitled, "The two last centuries of Epigrammes." Printed by J. Windet, (no date.)

Oure common Parents, straight upon their fall,  
Made breeches fit to hide themselves withal;  
Both men and women used to wear them then,  
Now females wear the breeches more than men.

*Esop.*

There is a book printed at Antwerp, 1578, in which the whole of Esop's Fables are translated into French Sonnets; some of which are extremely well paraphrased. The French are particularly partial to light detached pieces, and a great proportion of their literature affords sufficient testimony of it. The writer of these observations, has in his possession a work, executed by the express command of Louis XIV. in which the whole of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* are converted into Rondeaux!

*Unwillingness of men of genius to be satisfied with their own productions.*

It has been very justly observed, that though men of ordinary talents may be highly satisfied with their own productions, men of true ge-

nus never are. Whatever be their subject, they always seem to themselves to fall short of it, even when they appear to others most to excel; and for this reason, because they have a certain sublime sense of perfection, which other men are strangers to, and which they themselves in their performances are not able to exemplify.

*Conrad Gessner.*

The death of Conrad Gessner is said to have been similar to that of Petrarch. "Capite libris innixo mortuus est inventus," (vita Petrarchæ.) He was found dead in his study, with his head leaning on some books. Most of his writings exhibit uncommon force of imagination, but very indifferently regulated, with much of that meretricious substitution of glittering words for ideas, so common to the German School of poetry.

*Coincidence between Mallet and Shakespeare.*

The following passages from Shakespeare, appear to have furnished Mallet with an idea for his beautiful ballad, "William and Margaret."

"As the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
E'en so by love."

*Two Gent. of Ver.*

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment like a worm i'the bud  
Feed on her damask cheek."

*Twelfth Night.*

"The rose was budding on her cheek,  
Just opening to the view,  
But love had like a canker-worm  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,  
She died before her time."

*William and Margaret.*

*Woman.*

Carcinus, in Semele, says, "Oh! Jupiter, what evil thing is it proper



to call woman?" Reply. It will be sufficient if you merely say *woman*! Hamlet exclaims, "Frailty, thy name is *woman*!" and Shakespeare elsewhere says, "She is the devil." Otway's Castalio, like a blubbering schoolboy, who has been disappointed of his plaything, also bursts into the following splenetick recapitulation:

"I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman!"

Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?

Who was't betrayed the capital? a woman!

Who lost Mark Antony the world? a woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten year's war,

That laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

Woman to man first as a blessing given;

Happy awhile in paradise they lay,

But quickly *woman* longed to go astray;

Some foolish new adventure needs must prove

And the first devil she saw she changed her love!

To his temptations lewdly she inclined

Her soul; and for an apple damned man-kind."

How often does *man*, with a strange and almost unaccountable perversity, abuse that in which he most delights, and mar the blessings which his Creator has provided for him! As the *gem* will commonly sink in our estimation when possessed, so the amiable qualities of woman dwindle into comparative nothingness, when ungrateful man becomes more habituated to them. Who will deny that

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And *man* the hermit mourned till *woman*  
smiled."

Campbell.

Let us then believe, that

"All ill stories of the sex are false;  
That *woman*, lovely woman! nature made  
To temper man; we had been brutes without  
her.

Angels are painted fair to look like her;  
There's in her all that we conceive of heaven,  
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,  
Eternal joy and everlasting love!"

On Absence.

That absence sometimes increases  
love, and at other times destroys it,

may happen from the circumstances of parting. When the separation is attended with no shocking reflection—when no ill usage or infidelity has been the cause of it, absence certainly increases love; because the remembrance of past pleasure entertains the soul with nothing but sentiments of endearing tenderness, but if the separation proceeds from a want of merit, defect of love, &c. the mind employs itself in contemplating those ideas which seem most reasonable to restore its tranquillity, and thus gets the better of a passion which has had the misfortune to be placed on an unworthy object.

#### Epigram on Narcissus.

The following beautiful epigram is taken from a collection printed at Brest, 1605.

Stulte puer, vana quid imagine ludis amantem  
Junge pares: recte nupserit umbra sono.

Translation.

Why foolish boy indulge in sorrows vain,  
And to a shade proclaim your amorous pain,  
*Echo* invites, nor can a match be found  
More fit than this—a *shadow* to a sound!

#### Ingratitude.

There are four species of ungrateful persons. The first denies that he has received a favour. The second suppresses and conceals the benefit. The third retains no remembrance of it; and the fourth, who is the worst of all, conceives a hatred to his benefactor, because he is conscious that he is under an obligation to him.

#### Coincidence between Lord Byron and Burton.

The following passage from Burton's highly ingenious and entertaining "Anatomy of melancholy," appears to have suggested to Lord Byron that exquisite definition of solitude contained in the first Canto of Childe Harold.

"To walk amongst orchards, gardens, bowers, and artificial wilder-



nesses, green with thickets, arches, groves, rillet fountains, and such like pleasant places; pools—betwixt wood and water, in a fair meadow by a ruin side; to disport in some pleasant plaine, to run up a steep hill, or sit in a shadie seat, must needs be a delectable recreation. Whosoever he is therefore, that is *overrunne with solitariness*, or carried away with a *pleasing melancholy*, and vaine conceits, I can prescribe him no better remedie than this."

*Vol. 1, p. 224, ed. 1624.*

Lord Byron has infinitely improved the thought, and taken a much wider range.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene;  
Where things that own not man's dominion  
dwell,

And mortal steps have ne'er or rarely been,  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen  
With the wild flock that never needs a  
fold;

Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean:  
*This is not solitude—'tis but to hold*  
Converse with nature's charms, and see her  
stores unrolled."

S. XXVIII.  
W.

## CHRISTIAN WOLF.

A TRUE STORY—FROM THE GERMAN.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE arts of the surgeon and the physician, derive their greatest improvements and discoveries from the beds of the sick and the dying. Physiologists, draw their purest lights from the hospital and the madhouse. It becomes the pscologist, the moralist, the legislator, to follow the example, and to study with like zeal, dungeons and executions, above all, courts of justice, the dissecting rooms of guilt.

In the whole history of mankind, there is no chapter more abounding in instruction, both for the heart and the intellect, than that which contains the annals of their transgressions. In every great offence, some great power is set in motion; and that machinery which escapes observation in the dim light of ordinary transactions, when its operations are commanded by some stronger passion, gains from their influence the distinctness of colossal magnitude. The delicate observer, who understands the mechanism of our nature, and knows how far we

may venture to reason by analogy from one man to another—from great guilt to small—may learn much from contemplating these terrible displays.

By those who study the hearts of men, at least as many points of likeness as of contrast will be discovered. The same inclination or passion may display itself in a thousand different forms and fashions, produce a thousand irreconcilable phenomena, be found mixed in the texture of a thousand characters, apparently of the most opposite conformation. Two men may, both in action and character, be essentially kindred to each other, and yet neither of them for a moment suspect the resemblance. Should men, like other departments of the kingdom of nature, be at any time so fortunate as to find a Linnæus, one who should classify them according to tendencies and inclinations, how would individuals stare at the result of his labours? How, for example, should we be astonished to find some quiet, paltry shop-



keeper arranged under the same head with a Borgia, just as we find the edible and the poisonous heads of Fungus classed together in the manuals of Botany?

Nothing can be more useless, more absurd than the manner in which history is commonly written. Between the strong and excited passions of the men of whom we read, and the calm meditative state of mind in which we read of them, there exists little sympathy. The gulf between the historical subject, and the reader is so wide, that things which ought to excite in our breasts emotions of a very different character, are passed by with a far-off shudder of unconcern. We shake the head coldly when the heart should be alive and trembling. We contemplate the unhappy being who, in the moment of conceiving, planning, executing, expiating his guilt, was still a man like ourselves, as if he were some creature whose blood flowed not with the same pulse, whose passions obeyed not the same law with ours. We are little interested in his fortunes, for all sympathy with the fate of our neighbour arises from some remote belief in the possibility of its one day becoming our own; and we are very far, in instances such as these from desiring to claim any such connexion. It is thus that the instruction is lost, and that what might have been a school of wisdom, becomes merely a pastime for our curiosity.

We are more interested in discovering how a man came to will and conceive a crime, than how he perpetrated it. His thoughts concern us more than his deeds, and the sources of the former much more than the consequences of the latter. Men have scrutinized the depths of Vesuvius, in order to learn the cause of its burning: why is it that moral attract less attention than physical phenomena? Why is

it that we are contented to observe nothing in the human volcano, but its eruption?

How many a maiden might have preserved her innocent pride, had she learned to view with somewhat less of horror and hatred her fallen sisters, and to regard the experience as something that might be useful to herself. How many a careless man might save himself from ruin, would he condescend to hear and study the history of the prodigal, whom folly has already made a beggar! If from contemplating the slow progress of vice, we derive no other lesson, we must at least learn to be less confident in ourselves, and less intolerant towards others.

Whether the offender, of whom I am about to speak, had lost all claim to our sympathy. I shall leave my reader to decide for himself. What we think of him can give himself no trouble; his blood has already flowed upon the scaffold.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper at Bielsdorf, who, after the death of his father, continued till his twentieth year to assist his mother in the management of the house. The inn was a poor one, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even before he left school he was regarded as an idle loose lad; the girls complained of his rudeness, and the boys, when detected in any mischief, were sure to give him up as the ringleader. Nature had neglected his person. His figure was small and unpromising; his hair was of a coarse greasy black; his nose was flat; and his upper lip, originally too thick, and twisted aside by a kick from a horse, was such as to disgust the women, and furnished a perpetual subject of jesting to the men. The contempt showered upon his person was the first thing which wounded his pride, and turned a portion of his blood to gall.



He was resolved to gain what was every where denied him; his passions were strong enough: and he soon persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he selected treated him coldly, and he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier than himself. Yet the maiden was poor, and what was refused to his vows, might perhaps be granted to his gifts; but he was himself needy, and his vanity soon threw away the little he gained from his share in the profits of the Sun. Too idle and too ignorant to think of supporting his extravagance by speculation; too proud to descend from *Mine Host*, into a plain peasant, he saw only one way to escape from his difficulties—a way to which thousands before and after him have had recourse—theft. Bielsdorf is as you know situated on the edge of the forest; Wolf commenced deer-stealer, and poured the gains of his boldness into the lap of his mistress.

Among Hannah's lovers was one of the forester's men, Robert Horn. This man soon observed the advantage which Wolf had gained over her, by means of his presents, and set himself to detect the sources of so much liberality. He began to frequent the Sun; he drank there early and late; and sharpened as his eyes were, both by jealousy and poverty, it was not long before he discovered whence all the money came. Not many months before this time a severe edict had been published against all trespassers on the forest laws. Horn was indefatigable in watching the secret motions of his rival, and at last he was so fortunate as to detect him in the very fact. Wolf was tried and found guilty; and the fine which he paid in order to avoid the statutory punishment, amounted to the sum-total of his property.

Horn triumphed. His rival was driven from the field, for Hannah had no notion of a beggar for a lov-

er. Wolf well knew his enemy and he knew that his enemy was the happy possessor of his Hannah. Pride, jealousy, rage, were all in arms within him; hunger set the wide world before him, but passion and revenge held him fast at Bielsdorf. A second time he became a deer-stealer, and a second time by the redoubled vigilance of Robert Horn, was he detected in the trespass. This time he experienced the full severity of the law; he had no money to pay a fine, and was sent straightway to the house of chastisement.

The year of punishment drew near its close, and found his passion increased by absence, his confidence buoyant under all the pressure of his calamities. The moment his freedom was given to him, he hastened to Bielsdorf, to throw himself at the feet of Hannah. He appears, and is avoided by every one. The force of necessity at last humbles his pride, and overcomes his delicacy. He begs from the wealthy of the place; he offers himself as a day-labourer to the farmers, but they despise his slim figure, and do not stop for a moment to compare him with his sturdier competitors. He makes a last attempt. One situation is yet vacant—the last of honest occupations. He offers himself as a herdsman of the swine upon the town's common; but even here he is rejected: no man will trust any thing to the jail-bird. Meeting with contempt from every eye, chased with scorn from one door to another, he becomes yet the third time a deer-stealer, and for the third time his unhappy star places him in the power of his enemy.

This double backsliding goes against him at the judgment-seat; for every judge can look into the book of the law, but few into the soul of the culprit. The forest edict requires an exemplary punishment, and Wolf is condemned to



be branded on the back with the mark of the gallows, and to three year's hard labour in the fortress.

This period also went by, and he once more dropt his chains; but he was no longer the same man that entered the fortress. Here began a new epoch in the life of Wolf. You shall guess the state of his mind from his own words to his Confessor.

"I went to the fortress," said he, "an offender, but I came out of it a villain. I had still had something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride had not totally sunk under my shame. But here I was thrown into the company of three and twenty convicts: of these two were murderers,\* the rest were all

\*In some parts of Germany no man can suffer the least severity of the law, unless he confess his guilt. The clearest evidence is not received as an equivalent. Even murderers have a right to this indulgence, if indeed, (considering what they suffer in lieu of immediate death,) indulgence it may be called.

notorious thieves and vagabonds. They jeered at me if I spake of God; they taught me to utter blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sung songs, whose atrocity at first horrified me; but which I, a shame-faced fool, soon learned to echo. No day passed over, wherein I did not hear the recital of some profligate life, the triumphant history of some rascal, the concoction of some audacious villany. At first I avoided as much as I could these men, and their discourses. But my labour was hard and tyrannical, and in my hours of repose I could not bear to be left alone without one face to look upon. The jailors had refused me the company of my dog, so I needed that of men, and for this I was obliged to pay by the sacrifice of whatever good there remained within me. By degrees, I grew accustomed to every thing; and in the last quarter of my confinement I surprised even my teachers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette.

### A HAUNTED STREAM.

"Of objects all inanimate I made  
Idols."—Byron.

IT is perhaps a fable; yet the hind  
Tells it with reverence; and at times I  
deem

The tale allied to truth. They say yon brook  
That circles with its silver arms that grove  
Of forest trees, is haunted; nay you smile;  
But I was born beside it, and thro' life,  
Aye, midst the jarrings of this bitter world,  
In pain, in calumny, my mind hath dwelt  
Upon this stream, as on some holy thought.  
See where it wanders from its mossy cave,  
And toward the dark wood, like a bashful  
thing

Surprised, runs-trembling as for succour:  
Look!

Such streams as these did Dian love, and such  
Naiads of old frequented; still its face  
Is clear as truth; and yet, it roams like error.

In former times, rivers were celebrate;  
One told how Achelous dived beneath  
Sicilian seas to save his nymph divine,  
(The blue Arethusa,) one ('the loftiest') sung  
The rough Scamander; oh, and how he rushes  
And mingled with Troy flight; and some did  
tell  
Of Aganippe's fount, of Hippocrene,  
And Simois, and 'immortal Castaly.'

Come then, my stream! and I will sing of  
thee:

Worthy from beauty, oh! but worthier far  
From sweet associate pleasures. Thou to me  
Art like the glass of memory, where the mind  
Sees, charmed and softened by thy murmur-  
ing, things

It elsewhere dare not dream of; things that  
fled

With early youth, and went, one knew not  
whither.

Shadows forgot, and hope that perished;



Beautiful river ! on thy banks remote,  
Still does the half-sunned primrose waste its  
sweets;  
And that pale flower that seeks the valley  
(white  
Like purity) comes forth ; blue violets,  
The wild-brier-rose, and spotted daisies, which  
The young year scatters on the sward, and all  
That June or April love, or Autumn spares  
Amidst her golden bounty live unhurt ;  
Here, on May mornings you may hear the  
thrush  
Pour from his silver throat sweet music, and  
'Neath summer stars, the nightingale ; (for  
she  
Is queen of all earth's choristers, and holds  
Acquaintance with the evening winds, which  
waft her  
Sweet tidings from the rose.) The Stockdove  
here  
Breathes her deep note complaining, till the  
air  
Seems touch'd, and all the woods and hollows,  
sighing,  
Prolong the sound to sadness. Hark ! a noise !

Look upon these "yellow sands,"  
Coloured by no mortal hands:  
Look upon this grassy bank,  
Crown'd with flowers and osiers dank,  
Whereon the milk-white heifers feed;  
(White as if of Io's breed.)  
Look upon these glassy waters,  
Where earth's loveliest daughters  
Bathe their limbs and foreheads fair,  
And wring their dark and streaming hair.

--HERE, if on summer nights you stray,  
When rolls the bright and orb'd moon  
Thro' the sultry skies of June,  
You will see the spirits play,  
And all the Fays keep holiday :  
Think not that 'tis but a dream ;  
For (I, the Naiad of the stream,)  
Have often by the pale moonlight,  
Seen them dancing, joyous, light.  
Some, heedless of the midnight hours,  
Laugh, and wake the sleeping flowers.  
Some on water-lilies lie  
And down the wave float silently.  
Some, in circles flying,  
Beat with their tiny wings the air,  
And rouse the zephyr when he's dying :  
Some tumble in the fountain's spray,  
And in the lunar rainbows play :  
All seems as they were free from care,  
Yet, *One* there was, who at times would stray,

As on her breast some sorrow weighed,  
And rest her in the pine-tree shade ;  
(The blue-eyed queen Titania :)  
She, from very grief of heart,  
Would from the revels oft depart ;  
And like a shooting sunbeam, go  
To where the 'Tigris' waters shine,  
Or the Cashmere roses blow.  
Or where the fir-clad Appenine  
Frowns darkly on Italian skies,---  
Or where, 'neath summer's smile divine,  
Tydore's spicy forests rise.---  
But hark ! my master Ocean calls,  
And I must hie to his coral halls.

What think you now? Believe the Spirit, and  
own  
The place is haunted.—On yon slanting tree  
That dips its tresses in the wave, tis said  
Poets have leant, and when the moon hath  
flung  
Her bright smile on the quivering element,  
Have thought a strange communion lived be-  
tween  
That planet and the stream.—Perchance a  
nymph  
Of Dian's train, here, for her voice or beauty,  
Was changed by some envious deity ;—  
Whate'er it be, it well doth manifest  
The lives of those who dwell around it :—calm  
And undisturbed its current ; never chafed  
By the rude breeze, it flows on till—'tis lost.  
But I have sailed upon a stormier wave,  
And in my course of life, dark shoals were hid,  
And rocks arose, and thundering currents  
clashed ;  
(Like when the mighty rivers of the West  
Meet the tempestuous seas ; ) but still I lived,  
And held my way undaunted. Now I come  
To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree,  
And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,  
And thymy mound that flings unto the winds  
Its morning incense, is my friend : for I  
Did make acquaintance with inanimate things  
In very boyhood, and did love to break  
With shouts the mountain silence, and to hang  
O'er flashing torrents, when the piny boughs  
Shook their dark locks, and plained in mourn-  
ful tones,  
Mysterious to the barren wilderness ;  
And still, in solitary spots, my soul  
Resumes its youth. Think not that this is all  
An idle folly ; he who can draw a joy  
From rocks, or woods, or weed, or things that  
seem  
All mute,---(and does't,) is wise. [W.]